Dealing with “Thirudan Thirudifying” at Home: Fun and Responsible Ways…

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“I would be very attentive to the sounds at the entrance of my home, even after someone enters, I can hear the sound of the grill gate and the door. If a mischievous person (let’s call him “Thirudan”) manages to enter, my initial reaction would be a mix of fear and tension, but I wouldn’t shout immediately. He might try to intimidate me by showing a knife or some other object. Dealing with a situation like this can be overwhelming, so let me explain how I would handle it with one “Thirudan.”

I would remain frozen in fear while he locks the door and approaches me, demanding money and jewelry. At some point, I would gather my thoughts and find the courage to raise my voice in protest. He wouldn’t be silent and would be prepared for any resistance, making me even more terrified. Despite my crying and fear, he might force me to move around the house to show him valuable items.

Feeling helpless, I would continue crying and attempt to find the right words to deal with the situation. After a while, he might become aware that something is not right with me. I would still be sobbing when he helps me sit back on the sofa and then slaps me to force me to speak. I would cry even louder and tell him that I am unable to walk, pretending to be paralyzed. This revelation might shock him momentarily.

In a desperate bid to protect myself and my belongings, I would plead with him to take whatever he wants from the house. He proceeds to search each room and gather the items. During this time, I would try to reach for my mobile phone, trembling with fear, and attempt to call for help. I would first try calling my father (“Appa”), and if he doesn’t answer, I would try calling Pradee, though I often change his name I might forget the exact name in moments of panic.

Before I could make the call, the “Thirudan” notices what I am doing and snatches the phone from my hand, warning me to stay quiet. My father calls back upon seeing my missed call, but the “Thirudan” holds the knife to my neck, making me assure my father that everything is fine and not to worry (“suma dha call panna” – sure, Appa, I will call you later). He then puts my mobile in his pocket and proceeds to take away and other valuables from the house. To add to the tension, he switches on the TV with a loud volume and arranges the stolen items on the carpet.”

After some time of weeping, the “Thirudan” waits anxiously for his partner to arrive, sitting next to me and wiping his sweat. He seems curious about why I am unable to walk, but I remain silent for a while, and we both sit quietly. Eventually, I begin to speak, sharing various details about my life, including how I got Disabled when I was at the age of five.

He listens attentively to my entire story, occasionally pinching my leg and asking if I feel any pain. With tears in my eyes and filled with fear, I nod in response. He takes a deep breath and inquires about my medical treatments, but I remain tight-lipped, continuing to cry and wiping away tears.

Seeing my distress, he offers me water, and I stare at him without saying a word. Observing a flask nearby, he gives it to me to drink, and then he drinks from it as well. I muster the courage to ask him when he plans to leave, all the while blabbering with fear and urging him to go, even resorting to cursing him. However, he simply smiles and remains silent, unfazed by my pleas.

After some time, I gather the courage to ask the “Thirudan” for his name, but he remains silent and gives no response. When I inquire about how he found our home, he still refuses to answer. Frustrated and scared, I raise my voice, demanding that he speak and tell me something. He stares back at me, unsure of how to respond.

I continue pressing him for answers, asking why he chose to rob our house and how he ended up with such a desperate need for money. I express my confusion and frustration, questioning the choices he has made. However, he maintains his silence and refuses to reveal anything about himself or his motives.

After a while, he finally starts speaking, sharing bits and pieces of his own life story and family background. It’s as if he is trying to justify his actions or make me understand the circumstances that led him to this path. His story might elicit sympathy, but it does not excuse his criminal actions.

Despite his attempt to open up, I remain cautious and afraid, not knowing what to believe or how to handle the situation. The uncertainty of the encounter only adds to my fear and leaves me desperate for a resolution.

As Shalo, if I genuinely connected with the “Thirudan’s” story, my focus would be on understanding their mentality and the factors that led them to engage in such actions. I wouldn’t offer advice or suggestions for a better life, as my intention would be to empathize with their perspective. I would engage in a conversation with them for hours, delving deep into their life experiences without judging or condemning them.

I believe that everyone has a need to share their thoughts and emotions with someone, and I would provide a safe space for them to do so. I would ask them numerous questions, seeking to understand their journey and what circumstances shaped their choices. While conversing, I would remain empathetic, knowing that their truth might be different from my own experiences.

By sharing their personal stories, the “Thirudan” would reveal aspects of their life, giving me insights into their character and motivations. Though I might not fully believe everything at first, a pattern of sincerity would emerge from their heartfelt sharings. This

would allow me to build a bond with them, without judgment, during our conversation. As the conversation unfolds, I would leave the next move up to the “Thirudan.” My goal is not to change them or manipulate the situation but to offer understanding and compassion.

In the end, my approach would be to listen, understand, and empathize, allowing the “Thirudan” to feel heard and seen as a human being, despite their actions. Through this interaction, I hope to create a moment of connection and perhaps sow the seeds of change, understanding that the path to transformation is a personal journey that only they can choose to undertake.

The conclusion of the story is open-ended, and I believe the readers can interpret the outcome based on the empathy and connection fostered during our conversation.

“Thirudan’s sympathized and Shalo’s empathized.”😂😅🤣